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Vol. I.—No. 11.

BRISBANE, AUGUST 30th, 1917.

PRICE, One Penny.

Australia watching her Defenders who Fear to Fight in France and won't work at Home.



Australia:

"There's work to be
done!"

Chorus:

"Let some one else
do it!"

Australia:

"There's a war to be
fought!"

Chorus:

"Let others go thro'
it!"

Chorus (F.F. accele-
rando)

"The Red White and
Blue

Is worn out and old;
Revolution's Red Flag,
And Germany's gold.
The Colours we worship
to-day."

*With apologies to
Dagnan Bouveret*

I say, boys, this isn't good enough!
Men who ought to be working, fiddling and
singing silly songs to the Red flag while thier
mates are in France, don't join this lot.

Men who are not Australians, not Britons,
not anything, leading men who have decent
blood in their veins, don't join them.

Men who let other men protect their sisters and mothers who don't value their women kind enough to strike a blow for their safety. Put on Khaki and show you don't belong to them.

Men who have done well for themselves by stirring up every strife that can be stirred, strikes mean their living, the more strikes the bigger their screw, don't join them.

The men who joke and sing and loaf while their mates are dying for them, don't join that lot.

The men who have been loyal, surely loyalty is a fine thing in a man. Are you loyal? Then join the loyalists.

The men who value freedom enough to talk about it—know enough to fight for it surely. Freedom is a great thing. Strike a blow for it; not against it.

The men who value honour. It's a great thing to be able to abuse all forms of Government and work on men's lawlessness until they strike the flag that shelters them; but men of honour strike for their country's flag, not at it. Which strikers will you join?

The man who goes to fight an enemy may be a fool, but not such a fool as he who stays at home and fights for the enemy. Where are you going to fight?

Your mates cry, "come and help us." The slacker and the agitator cry stay here and help us. Your mate is fighting for you. The agitator cry is raised by German money. He is fighting for the money and for himself that he may fatten on your folly. Which cry are you going to answer?

On one side are the Traitors—men who have sold their consciences and would sell your liberty. The other side your mates. There is no middle course; the day of the neutral is past. Which side are you on?

The man who says you can be neutral. The man who says you can be loyal to Australia and stay at home is a liar; he says that because he has found out your weak spot. No eligible man can be true to Australia and stay here to-day.

Think who is likely to be right, the man who has something to gain or the man who is offer-

ing to give up everything. Do you ever think how these paid Traitors grin when you fall to their baits?

You hear their sneers for the men who would not listen to them. If you could only hear their secret sneers for you who listen and like silly sheep pour through the gaps they have torn in Australia's national honour.

Look at this group again. Which are men? These or those boys who are dying for you in France.

Queensland men! There are thousands of our brothers! husbands! sweethearts! sons! who have been fighting for you for some three years. If you'd stop scabbing on them they could come home for a furlough. For their sake stop scabbing and put on the uniform. What sort of sport are you if you don't?

MINDING BILLY.

"Yes'm," late Corporal Mills, late of the 31st sat on the edge of the table in the Jam Kitchen.

"I saw both your boys, are they aren't altered a bit?"

"It does change some of them."

"I know," the Dresden lady gave a generous sigh and a careful measurement of sugar.

"Now," said Corporal Mills, "There was Billy Waldron, nice little chap Billy was, but a real kid, went into camp on his eighteenth birthday, came along with Campbell, our O.C. And the Waldrons they knew Campbell, about thirty Campbell was, in the National Bank before War broke out, bit of 'haw! haw! dust my boots!' sort of cove, but no bounder. And when Billy was allotted to Campbell's company Billy's mother was pleased as punch."

"You'll look after Billy for me?" she says to Campbell at Roma Street the morning they left, and she never broke down; just smiled at Billy, and smiled at Campbell, but I could see that smile came nearer breaking Campbell up than all the rest of the women cryin' fit to break their hearts, an' he wrings 'er hand.

"Sure thing, Mrs. Waldron, I'll look after Billy." An' my oath he did. I wouldn't have been Billy for nuts —! Late Corporal Mills carefully abstracted a strawberry from a box ready for jam; looked at it seriously, solemnly eat it, and remarked again:

"Not for nuts I wouldn't."

"But why? I knew Lieut. Campbell, and thought he was a fine man," the Dresden lady was severe.

"So 'e was, so 'e is, but 'e's the mos' rest-

Write your letter on blank page.

less, daredevil of a man that ever left 'is native shore, that's wot 'e is."

"But he's brave."

"No he aint; 'e's a mad lunatic!"

"Nonsense, he's a rather quiet man."

"Quiet!" 'im quiet! I tell you Mr. Quiet Campbell wot used to dust 'is shoes with an old silk hanky before he left the office ain't no relation to Campbell of the 31st wot's mind-ing Billy. I don't know if it was the war or Eyp's Foreign Strand wot did it, but 'e's just out to kill, an' doin' it all the time, and there's nothin' too ard' or too 'ot for 'im, he's go! go! go! an' all the time it's 'Come on, Billy,' an' along 'e comes."

"When there's a raidin' party fust thing its—"Come along, Billy," an' Billy lags after.

"'E takes a notion to go into No Man's Land to look for somethin' wot's none of 'is business.

An' its "Come along, Billie."

"And what about Billy?"

"Oh, Billy is just as bad, gentle blue-eyed Billy aint never had time for a good long breath since 'e left Egypt, an' the funny part is Campbell thinks 'e's made a real pet canary of Billy. Las' time I seen him was just after Pozieres, wot Campbell had been doin' Gawd only knows, I don't, but 'e was a sight, 'e 'ad as many chips off 'im as a choppin' block, and dirt— an' 'e says as 'e looks at me—

"Well, Mills, it's you for Blighty, and 'ome."

An' I says "Yessir!"

An' 'e says, "Tell 'em I'm all right."

An' I says "Yessir, wot there is of you, sir—and' 'e laughed, an' then 'e says "Tell them I'm looking after Billy."

An' I says "Where is Billy, sir?" I'd been afraid to ask, an' 'e says:

"O, 'e's 'ere! Come along, Billy!" An' with that a piece of the muddy landscape just be-side us gets up and shakes its-elf an' grins, an' I sees its Billy, an' I says as I looks at chips off 'im too—

"You didn't 'ave the luck to get a Blighty Billy?"

An' Billy says "No, an' I'm glad I didn't, an' I ain't goin' to till I can account for a few more of them devils, are we, sir?"

An' Campbell says: "We've got a bit more that we want to get even for in this red out-ft."

"Come along, Billy!" an' off they went.

Remount: "I can't understand Major Spit-fire. I can remember when he was a real nice-speaking kind-hearted fellow!"

Private: "Umph! I'll bet you he don't remem-ber nothin' about it!"



ONE FOR KING CONSTANTINE.

In Brisbane there lives a young North Queensland half-caste woman who, before her marriage to a soldier now at the Front, bore the very pleasant-sounding name of Constantine (after Fort Constantine in the Gulf country, where she was "raised.") Her husband, half-caste also, is everything her heart can desire; but, alas, his name cannot be compared to Constantine in **Toniness**, and the young wife, who has a pretty taste, relinquished her birth name with a little sigh.

One day lately her mistress said to her: "Fanny, you know you need not give up your old name altogether; you can still use it as a middle name if you wish." Fanny answered promptly—and proudly—"Oh no, ma'am, thank you, I couldn't think of keeping it now. Since that wicked King of Greece has behaved so badly I don't want to be called Constantine—the name of a Traitor!"

Good for Fanny, wasn't it? We don't believe she knows where Greece is, or Europe either for that matter, but she has certainly got the right hang of things, hasn't she?

Dear Chaps,

I wish you could see the gas helmets. I can't describe them. You'd think I was drawing the long bow. Do you remember "Sweet Nell of Old Drury?" Well, this is the whole show, except Sweet Nell and Old Drury. I'll lay even money there isn't a cow or goat or whatever implement they use in China to get the lacteal fluid from, that gets even a split straw to nibble at this year. For some time I have wondered why we have been asked to imbibe the exciting ice cream soda and sparkling malted milk through paper spills that got appendicitis half way through the drunken orgy, now I see the hats I know. I think the Government should send missionaries of the thrift campaign to China and Japan and these places, and let them know that straw's straw, and that at any time we may require heaps of it to stuff effigies of the Kaiser for bonfire night.

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And the Colours! You know what Battalion a girl's best boy or most of them are in by looking at her gas helmets; also they wear their colours in their boudoir caps, both those they wear down street, and those they sleep in. The ones they sleep in are a few shades lighter than those they wear in trams and trains, and they are more frilly and have little cotton and wire flowers. It seems to me the girls are making it as much bother to sleep as to keep awake these days.

Its hard to tell now if its a grandmother or a flapper that comes tripping along carrying full pack. I can remember when you could tell with one glance, but now their boots and legs are quite young (and some of the flappers have quite thick ankles, anyhow) they wag their dresses much the same, their tunics and helmets or caps or hats are the same, and often when I get quite close I can't tell if its a young old or an old young face, because they both use the same age make up

You remember how nervous it used to make you feel if you saw buttons undone anywhere, and the "shall I! shan't I!" sort of feeling it gave you when you wondered if you'd tell her about it. Well, let me tell you you can cut that right out, for its proper now to come undone anywhere, it began (like a long drink) at the neck. I used to think blouses had been left undone by accident, then it happened so often I guessed it was, for coolness. Later I saw it was just for protection so no one could tell if they've come undone or not, for all over the place now you'll see buttons put on and holes or loops just sewn on to look at them from a distance. They never get done up. I suppose the whole outfit would be out of gear if they were done up by some orderly person.

Claud is just beginning to buy his summer suit and hat. It's beautiful to see him tripping about lifting the tail of his dainty coat away from the pavement where some rude soldier may have spat.

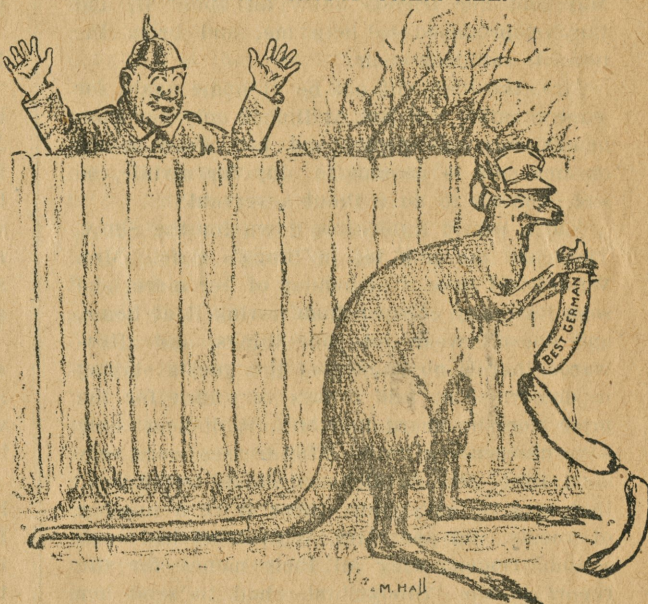
Yours dinkum,
THE FASHION EXPERT.

MUCH THE SAME.

"Bangs tells me his son Percy is considered quite a wit."

"Um, I often heard he was a dashed silly fool!"

HE DIDN'T KNOW THEM ALL.



"Ach! Himmel! And we thought he was a harmless animal living solely on Eucalyptus!"

FROM A DECK CHAIR.

Good Day to you, young Editor, and bon soir to your youngster, "The Link." Keep its golden curls brushed and make it mind its manners a bit and it will be a nice child; but its got things to learn, and I am vain enough to think I could teach it some.

I don't think there has ever been a really interesting paper run since the days when War telegrams and Fashion notes were scratched on wet mud bricks, that was really a success without Social notes, and yet that's what you are trying to do, so I thought perhaps you'd put me on the staff at any rate for the time. Now I appeal to my friends, the V.A.D. young ladies, to those who used to give us those concerts at the camps before we went over to the Somme Picture Show. To the Comforts Funds and Red Cross and Coo-ee Mdles. to say if I am right and to help me.

I am like Susan Gray, of Churchyard fame, before she went to Heaven, do you remember? "Here lies the body of Susan Gray,"

"Her would if her could, but her couldn't stay,"

"She'd two bad legs and a saddish cough,"

"But her legs it were as carried her off."

I would if I could, but I couldn't stay, and

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my legs it were as carried me home. Now I am not a Society man myself, but my cousin May and her friends know all about it, and they've promised to help me, and bring the news to my deck chair.

Mrs. Hardfist will not be at home again for some months, her last At Homes only her husband's relations came, and her sister-in-law on her side is coming to stay for awhile, so she is going to do without a servant.

May's cousin Kate came down for the Show. They had morning tea in Blogg's Cafe. Mrs. Whiteheart gave it in honour of her niece, she says it's really cheaper than having it at home, and doesn't wear out your things, and afterwards there's no danger of the guests staying to dinner. May said it was very nice for the price, for she heard that Mrs. Whiteheart only gave ninnence a head. The dresses were very nice, altho' Mrs. Whiteheart should never wear that sort of navy blue, there were a number of guests, and poor Mrs. Whiteheart had such a time remembering all their names for the report in the "Stodge" she had to send her caughter up with the names after they got home. She got very angry with some one on "The Stodge," they wouldn't make the correction over the 'phone.

"I'm very sorry, Madam, but we can't take the Misses MacAlister over the 'phone."

"I wasn't offering them to you over the 'phone," said Mrs. Whiteheart, "I simply want you to make a correction." "Very sorry, Madam, but it will have to be signed."

"Very well, sign it!" Mrs. Whiteheart was cross by this time, but it was no use, and Muriel had to go in with the correction. They are all sorry now that they didn't go to the Coo-ee Cafe for their tea. The girls at Blogg's are all right; they are slow, but quite often they are sure, and they never smile, not even when they overcharge you, which speaks well for their training.

Mrs. Bodley Blue was one of the guests. May says her hat was a scream.

I suppose old Bodley did the screaming when he got the bill. May thought Mrs. B. B. wouldn't be there, as Miss Catcher was going, and they have had a terrible fuss, as they were both there everyone was disappointed at not hearing what it was all about, but I believe it began by Miss Catchem mistaking some Red Cross pyjama coats Mrs. Whiteheart made for dressing gowns.

The Cleaver-Witt girls were there in new rigouts, and everyone is guessing who is giving them credit now. You know the Bullion girls. Bullion pere has sold his station, and they are living at New Farm. They had cream dresses,

they have worn before, and May says everyone wonders what good their money is to them, if they go to morning teas in frocks like that.

May and her friend Ethel were talking about Miss Merriless, and saying they thought it was "side," her taking knitting to a morning tea, and that it was silly for a girl as plain as Amy Merriless to do anything to attract attention. I chipped in here, for I know many boys who have been glad of her socks and cheer up ways, and I said with some heat, that at any rate she was good, and Ethel said she hoped she was, for Providence really owed the poor girl something.

The de Vere Tiptons have a new car, they sold the old one to a returned soldier. May said Ruby de Vere Tipton told her that no one would think it was no good to look at, it was beautifully done up.

The Tracy-Wagners are staying at the Bombast Hotel. May says everyone wonders how they do it. They have the two children with them. May hopes they don't bring them when they come to call, altho', of course, they have to ask them, and the eldest girl always has to be asked to sing a song about Mary who swallowed her ticket, and then cried when the Conductor said wherever that ticket was he had to punch it. And Mrs. Wagner always sings when she's asked, and her voice wants tuning, worse every time she comes down.

Miss Rita Blackwell-Barstowe has been "at home" before her marriage. They say the presents were ordinary, altho', of course, they had to say they were the most beautiful they had seen. The Bullion-Blocks gave a biscuit barrel again. May says no one can think where they get them, they have been giving them for years, and every time she thinks it would be impossible to find anything in plated tinware more hideous, until she sees the next biscuit barrel de Bullion-Block. By the way, they say it was surely a mistake when the wedding invitations were sent out, they read: "Your presents are requested,"—etc.—they said it was a printer's error.

Miss Meg. Maythorne is engaged to Percy Wontgo. Percy is his mother's sole support, so can't go to the War. Perc. is a hero to support the dear old lady, she starves along on £900 per annum when Perc doesn't part up. Now he's going to sole support Meg also. Good old Percy. Aunt says she knew Meg's mother and father well. She doesn't know which parent Meg resembles, but which ever one it is, she thinks Percy will enlist if the War lasts until after the honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wonderwhy are staying for sometime longer at the Hotel Vulcan. They

hope to get Miss Wonderwhy engaged this year. The poor girl is really very expensive for the little result, and there are three other boys coming along to college age, beside the two there now. Everyone thought that young Doctor Iodine was going to propose, but after using the old man's car and cigars all the winter, he altered his mind and enlisted.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Gray are also in town, and Mrs. Gray can be seen any morning looking at hats and dresses. May says since her last trip to Sydney her English accent has become so pronounced that she can hardly bear to speak at all.

For this column I shall be glad of any notes, but any except one or five pound notes must be accompanied by the name and address, or the sender in person. Endorsements by mother's-in-law or gas collectors cannot be accepted.

CRUTCHES.

AN 'APPY DAY.

Dear girls at 'ome I thought I'd send,
A few short lines to say,
We 'aven't 'ad too bad a time,
For mails came in to-day.

McNeven got ten letters from
His own ten darlin' girls,
An' Sandy got a pickshure of
His one with golden curls.

An' Tommy Wright has got a cake
With sugar on the top;
But Tommy aint a mean one,
He's shared the bloomin' lot.

I got a bonzer mail too,
Me 'eart with joy it jumps;
But this we really all enjoyed,
The MAJOR'S got the Mumps.

—Jock in the Trenches

FROM AN ADELAIDE CORRESPONDENT.

The pupils of the Unley High School have made a great success of the Recreation Hall they have erected at the Soldiers' Home, Myrtle Bank, Fullerton, and the incapacitated men will find the room fitted up with every comfort. At one end is a raised platform, where concerts will be given, a piano and an organ being provided. Book shelves are being filled by the committee. Electric radiators warm the room in winter, and when the days are warmer electric fans will cool the atmosphere. Easy chairs and lounges are included in the gift. The hall is prettily situated in the garden, and

commands a view of the hills above Glen Osmond. On Sunday last, at the invitation of the Hon. Organizer of the Home, the Mayor and Mayoress paid their first visit, and were delighted at the complete arrangements noticeable everywhere. The Mayoress was presented with a bouquet, and the Mayor spoke a few words to the men who have already been in occupation. Afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, where Mrs. J. Cooke, wife of the President of the Soldiers' Home League, Mrs. Wedler, Mrs. W. H. Hill, and Mrs. F. Brigland acted as hostesses. Miss Hilda Felstead, who has worked incessantly for the soldiers, was also present, and, as she is leaving shortly to join a concert party with the intention of touring the States and probably as far afield as Java and Singapore, the opportunity was taken by the committee to present her with a handsome jewel box. The newspaper committee of the Victoria League find them growing to such an extent that an extra morning every week is required to pack the periodicals and weekly papers, which will be distributed at the Military Hospitals in England and France. The battalion clubs formed some time ago have been the means of sending necessary articles of comfort to the men in the trenches. It has now been suggested and thought advisable to band the clubs together with a central committee in connection with the League of Loyal Women, under which society the clubs were first constituted. Already the Artillery, 3rd Light Horse, A.M.C., A.S.A., the 27th, the 32nd, and the Combined 12th and 52nd have joined in. Mrs. Chittleborough and Mrs. John Lewis have been elected to represent the clubs on the Executive of the League of Loyal Women.

THE MUG'S LAMENT.

I sleep at night an' dream I 'ear the sounds
of guns once more,
I feel me back is achin' an' me 'ands an' feet
are sore.
The crash an' cries is real as them rows I
'eard before.

An' then I wake at 'ome.

I 'ate to think of trenches full of stink and
mucky dirt,
Of days an' days without a wash an' month-old
dirty shirt,
Of Officers severe an' old, Subalterns young
an' pert,

An' yet I curse me luck.

Folks tell me that I'm lucky to be 'ome with
'alf a foot.



I know I am, an' know at once that I'm a silly
coot,
An' damned ungrateful to be frettin' for a silly
leather boot,
When every one's so good.

But when sometimes I read the news of what
you chaps still do,
It 'urts me somethin' cruel, I can't 'ardly read
it thro',
I know the silly mug I am, but to get back with
you,
I'd leave me 'ome an' frens.

Miss McLennan sends the following notes
that will be read with interest by you boys of
the 11th Light Horse:—

The 11th Light Horse Jam and Cake Stall
at the Exhibition last week was very success-
ful, and the fund will benefit considerably. The
choice collection of preserves, pickles, chutney,
etc., sold was made at the depot Hornsby Build-
ings, which is open for the sale of jam every
day except Saturday, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.,
and from 10 a.m. to noon on Saturday. The
committee will be grateful for empty jam bot-
tles, which may be left at the depot, Hornsby
Buildings, Queen Street.

Now boys in the Engineers and Mining Corps,
also the Pioneer Signalling, Tunnelling, and
Flying Corps will be interested in reading what
M. G. Dawson, Women's College, Kangaroo
Point, writes about the work for you.

"I am delighted to contribute a short ac-
count of our work to your paper, for I think
it is not very generally known that such a
fund as the above exists in Queensland.

When the first meeting was held in April,
1916, at the house of Mrs. A. J. Gibson, New
Farm, those present resolved themselves into
a General Committee and chose an Executive
with Mrs. Cecil Foott as President. Since that
time the Committee, which originally interested
itself only in the Engineer, Pioneer and Mining
Corps, has included the Signalling and Tunnel-
ing Corps, and—more recently—the Flying
Corps.

No attempt has been made to sew flannel
garments, but members are supplied with wool
for knitting. At first these knitted comforts
were packed, together with extra comforts in
the way of food, and dispatched to the Front,

but it is difficult to trace Queensland men in
these corps, so we now cable money to the
O.C.'s of the various companies, for distribu-
tion in coin or comforts, to their Queensland
men. The knitted comforts are sent to the
men who need them when leaving for the
Front. To continue this system a regular sup-
ply of money is needed, and funds derived
from donations, street collections and stalls,
are barely sufficient, so the Committee has very
recently rented a room in the Town Hall and
fitted it up for jam-making.

The members of the General Committee have
entered into this new plan very enthusiastically;
each woman gives a half-day, day, or more, to
the work, and our jam is exhibited and sold by
Allan & Stark, no commission being charged.

One thing to be regretted is that transport
difficulties forbid our sending jam to the sol-
diers, for as yet we have made no plum, and
very little apple jam; it being impossible to
send jam.

We, as a Committee, send them, through
this paper, our very best wishes

I DREAMED THAT I WAS DREAMING.

(To My Soldier.)

I dreamed that I was dreaming,
I was walking by the sea,
My hands were clasped in both of thine,
And I was all to thee.

I dreamed that I was dreaming,
That life was fair and free,
That love was shining in thine eyes,
And I was love to thee.

I dreamed that I was dreaming,
That life was as it seemed,
Our heart's desire had come to both,
I woke—and yet I dreamed.

—ANNIE POWIS DUNN

MILITARY KNOWLEDGE.

Tim and Jim are earnest students of War
knowledge. The other night they were talk-
ing, and Jim sapiently remarked:

"If they put the smallest soldiers in the
Tanks they should be called Tad-poles."

"But," objected Tim, "You couldn't call a
nofficer a Tadpole."

"No; he'd be a Bully-frog!"

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